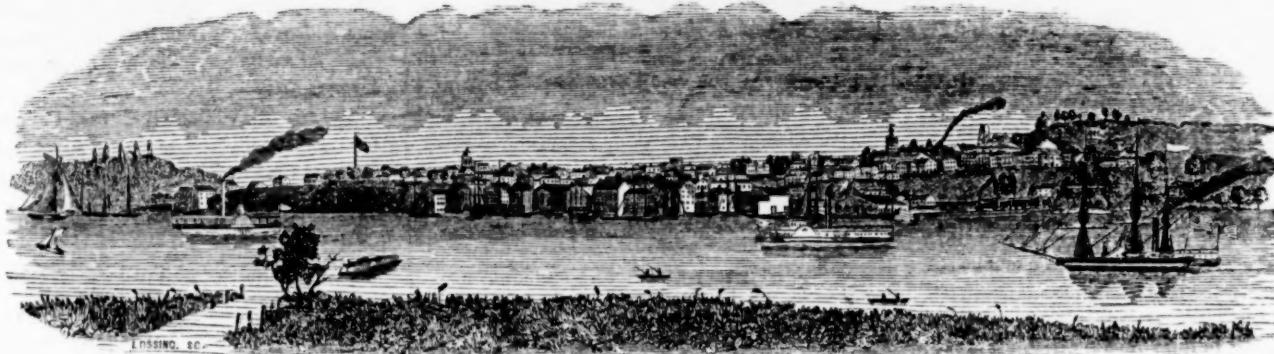


TRURAL REPOSITORY.



ONE DOLLAR A YEAR,

A Semi-monthly Journal, Embellished with Engravings.

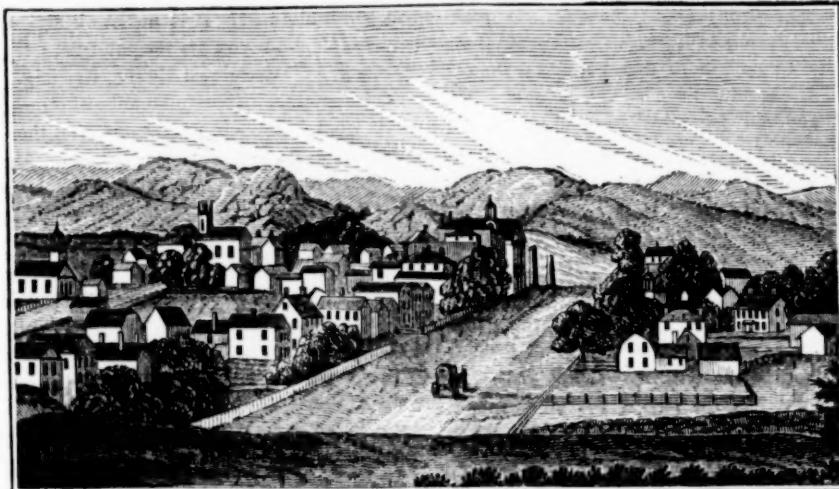
PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

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NORTHERN VIEW OF LENOX, MASS.



THE above is a representation of Lenox village, as it is seen from near the Congregational church, which is situated on an eminence at the northern extremity of the village. On this spot the observer has a fine prospect of the village; beyond which, are seen various ranges of lofty hills and mountains, and, far in the distance, is seen, towering above all others, the lofty summit of Mount Washington. The village is uncommonly beautiful in its situation and general appearance: it consists of about forty dwelling-houses, 3 churches, (1 Congregational, 1 Episcopal, and 1 Methodist,) a Court-house constructed of brick, in a handsome style of architecture, a hotel, academy, printing-office, and other public buildings. The refined state of society in this place, the fine mountain air and scenery, all render Lenox a most desirable place of resort during the warm season of the year.

Lenox is the shire town of Berkshire county. It is situated 130 miles west of Boston, 6 south of Pittsfield, 42 from Springfield, 56 from Hartford, 30 from Hudson, and 34 from Albany. Population, 1,275. The judicial courts have been held here since 1787.

The Indian name of the greater part of the tract embraced in this township was *Yokun*, so called after an Indian sagamore of that name. Some small individual grants united; the town was incorporated in 1767, and called Lenox, (the family name of the Duke of Richmond.) Its length is

about 6 miles, and its mean breadth 4. The first English inhabitant of this town was Mr. Jonathan Hinsdale, from Hartford, Conn. He moved into the place in 1750, and built a small dwelling about 50 rods south of the Court-house hill, on the east side of the county road. A Mr. Dickinson soon after built a house just north of Mr. Hinsdale. In 1755, these, with some other families who had settled in the vicinity and in Pittsfield, removed to Stockbridge, through fear of the Indians, who were instigated to hostilities by the French in Canada. While the few families north of Stockbridge were hastening to that place for safety, a man by the name of Stephens, while passing a ledge of rocks in the south part of the town, was shot by the Indians, and fell dead from his horse. The horse was also killed, but a young woman by the name of Percy, who was on the horse with Mr. Stephens, by the aid of Mr. Hinsdale, escaped unhurt. Among the first permanent settlers were Jacob Bacon, Messrs. Hunt, McCoy, Gleason, Steel, Waterman, Root, Dewy, Miller, Whitlocke, Parker, Richard, Collins, Treat, Andrus, Wright, and others. A majority of the families who first settled in the town, moved from West Hartford, and Wallingford, Conn. The first town officers were chosen March 5, 1767. The inhabitants about this time began to make preparation for the organization of a church and the settlement of a minister. The church was formed in 1769, by the Rev. Samuel Hopkins, then of

Great Barrington. Rev. Samuel Munson, of New Haven, a graduate of Yale College, was ordained pastor November 8, 1770. Soon after his settlement, a house for public worship was erected near the place where the present Congregational meeting-house is located, and was occupied till Jan. 1, 1806, when the present one was dedicated. The first burying-ground was more than a mile north of the village, and west of the county road. Soon after the first meeting-house was built, a piece of ground near it was marked out for a grave-yard. It has since been enlarged, and is now the principal burying-place in the town. The land on which the meeting-house stands, and for the burying-ground, was given to the society by a Mr. Reynolds. Mr. Munson was a man of good abilities, of ardent piety, sound in the faith, and zealous in promoting the cause of religion, but he lived in times of trouble. The revolutionary war occasioned very bitter animosities among the people; and, subsequently, what is called the Shays' insurrection was productive of much evil in the town. There has been an incorporated Episcopal society in the town since 1805. They have a handsome church, standing a few rods east of the court-house. There are also in this town a few families of the Baptist and Methodist denominations. Lenox academy was incorporated in 1803. At the time of the incorporation, the legislature made to it the grant of half a township of land in the state of Maine, which at that time belonged to Massachusetts. This land, for a number of years, was wholly unproductive, but it was sold a few years since, and produced a respectable fund, the avails of which are appropriated to the support of the institution.—*Hist. Col. of Mass.*

TALES.

Translated from the German of Zschokke.

MARBLE AND CONRAD.

Blend the Mole in Your Scone.

CHAPTER I.

Early Years of Marble.

MANY strange characteristics and practical oddities are narrated of a person, whose name I dare not mention; but, as he must have an appellation, we will call him Marble. One of his eccentricities, which was most salutary in its consequences, should be universally known.

Marble was a straight-forward man, of plain

sense, without arrogance, without any desire to distinguish himself, and honest in all his actions. The people considered him a kind of fool, with whom not much could be done; but he was not at all offended with them. "Those people," he said, "are perfectly right. I live according to my own convictions. That appears astonishing. But they live according to the opinions of others, and so they swim with the stream, and appear to be eccentric. They not only clothe themselves in the newest fashion, but they also eat according to fashion; therefore, even an oyster can tickle their palates. They are educated according to the newest fashion. They instruct, judge, think, reproach, laud, and act in everything according to fashion, and not according to their own better understanding and feelings. Therefore, the characters of these people are so entirely similar, that it seems as if they no longer had any character at all!"

Mr. Marble was a very wealthy man, altho' he had commenced life with nothing. When a boy, he had served as a porter in a rich mercantile house in Hamburg, where by degrees he was employed in important transactions, and had several times been sent to the East Indies. He afterwards commenced a business on his own account, which by degrees became very extensive.

In order to have, while travelling, a trusty overseer over his property, he married a virtuous orphan girl, who had been discarded by all her associates. The girl was sitting on a stile, weeping, when he casually passed through a little country town. He asked her—"What ails thee?"

"My mother has died, and they have driven me out of the house." Marble replied—"Come along with me. I will help thee." The girl ran by the side of his horse until they arrived in the neighboring city, whence he had her conveyed to his home. For six months the girl conducted his household affairs, and then he married her.

"You are a fool!" said his friends. "You can marry the handsomest and richest girl any where if you choose. But to take such a thing from the road, and marry her?"

"Do not trouble yourselves on that account," retorted Marble. "I selected what was best for myself—the most virtuous girl."

When he had become rich, he withdrew suddenly from business, lent out his money on secure interest, and retired to his leisure. "You are a fool," said his friends—"Scarcely forty-five years old, and already retire from business; just at the time you might make immense speculations, for you have both the experience and the means."

"Trouble not yourselves on that account," said Marble—"I will now eat the bread I have earned."

Although he was very rich the house he lived in was very small, and furnished in the simplest manner. In his dress he observed the same kind of simplicity. He kept neither carriage nor horses, and gave no dinners. Every tradesman in the city lived better than he. On the contrary, when he was in the humor—and he had the humor very often—he made large donations to the common people. He would have young people married at his own expense, and would give them a dowry. He ransomed the most promising sons of citizens from military service, and paid lawyers to defend the cause and rights of oppressed persons, who were perfect strangers to him. Thus he meddled everywhere with the affairs of others, and spent large sums of money. But when men of rank and property came to borrow money of him, he shrugged

his shoulders, and said he had none. "You are a fool," said his friends, "and do not know how to use your wealth. Live in a fashionable style, and the best families in the city, and the most noted men at court, will be your friends. Do you wish for a title? Do you want a patent of nobility? Wherefore are you rich? Surely not on account of that pack of paupers with whom you are continually holding intercourse?"

"Do not trouble yourselves on that account," said Marble. "I am poorer than you think. I must not squander a penny, since I have necessary uses for all the money that I can command."

"It is impossible," they retorted; "you must have an annual income of at least thirty thousand florins!"

"May be," answered Marble; "but I need two thousand florins of it for my own household; and the balance belongs to those who have not enough. God has made me the administrator of those poor people."

Mr. Marble lost in one year, and by the same disease, his amiable wife and two lovely children. He was again alone. His friends endeavored to divert and exhilarate him. "Trouble not yourselves on that account," he said. "I am anything but sad, for I enjoy more real happiness than I formerly did. I now live in two worlds. My wife and children are mine everywhere, and I am theirs. Whosoever needs consolation for the highest phenomenon, this life show, is only inconsolable for not being a beast. I pray you, do not act your jokes with me; do not try to console me."

CHAPTER II.

The Hurricane.

The loss of his wife and children, however, had made this world almost desolate, and life itself a little irksome to Mr. Marble. He felt lonesome everywhere, and often travelled to dissipate gloominess. This availed for the moment. He often departed with eyes red with weeping, out of his little study. Then his servants would look at him with heartfelt pity, for they loved him like a father. "You are right, children, pity me! for I deserve it, but do not console me. Pity I need, but no consolation. I can find better consolation within myself, than you can give; but human sorrow with the loss of those whom we have loved—all this time will assuage, although it has not done so yet."

He felt that if it were possible for him to divert himself, it would be of the greatest benefit to him. He therefore visited every public place around the whole city, and was on the promenades. On a certain time he was in the park, when many persons, as is customary on fine summer days, were amusing themselves on the green. To be in the stirring tumult of the joyous, had always a salutary effect on Mr. Marble. But the amusements of that day were interrupted by a thunder-storm, which was preceded by a hurricane. The tall trees waved to and fro like thin straw, and rustled in the wind; the booths were closed; the traders packed up; the music in the bushes was hushed; and the dancers dispersed.

Mr. Marble remained, and stood tranquil amid the voice of the storm and the people. He felt delighted with the aspect. The broad walks were soon cleared, and whirlwinds blew up clouds of dust. At that moment the young Countess Emilie came running on a by-path, out of the pleasure grounds. At her side were some attendants, and behind her a few officers, who had much trouble to protect the plumes of their hats from the assaults of

the wind. Suddenly the storm and whirlwind swept over them. The veil of the countess flew high into the air. Terrified, she reached out her arms, endeavoring to catch the lost ornament. The veil remained hanging like a cobweb, on the top of a large fir tree.

"Get me my veil again!" said the countess.—"Oh! get me my veil again. I must have it. It is a New Year's gift from my mother. I prize it above all things."

The gentleman held fast to their large hats and plumes, and shrugged their shoulders.

"I must have it again, and should I perish here, I declare that I will not move an inch from this spot until I have it," said the countess, and her eyes were filled with tears.

The gentlemen looked up into the top of the fir tree with bitter embarrassment. One sighed, the other scratched himself in the neck, the third in his desperation took a pinch of snuff, the fourth bowed silently, as if by that he wished to express the impossibility of fulfilling the princely demand.

"Have you not often sworn that you would risk your lives for me; and why will not one of you climb this tree? It is not at all difficult from below. Captain, you are the youngest; try to get me the veil!" exclaimed Emilie, weeping.

The captain with a countenance of terror, looked at his white cassimere pantaloons, and then at the tall fir tree—it measured about 70 feet. He made a movement as if to prepare himself for the dangerous enterprise, and coughed, but would not stir from the spot.

Besides Mr. Marble, a ragged beggar boy, about twelve years of age, who stood not far off, overheard the conversation.

"If you wish it, I will get the thing up there for you," said the boy, and he measured the height of the fir tree with a quick eye.

"Allons! get yourself up quickly," exclaimed all the attendants of the countess simultaneously, in a loud tone of voice.

The boy did not hesitate. He climbed upward from branch to branch, parting the smaller branches with his hands, and was not seen for some time, until at last he appeared in the top of the tree. The storm blew afresh, and threw the trees whizzing together. The boy clasped firmly the top of the fir, as it waved about in wide circles. Mr. Marble trembled when he saw it. The officers laughed, and the countess jumped high for joy, when she saw her veil in the hand of the daring boy.

"Oh! that the awkward boy may not tear it!" she said again, with renewed anxiety.

Without any accident having happened either to him or the veil, the boy came down the tree.

"God be praised!" said the countess, and she skipped joyously away, to save herself from the storm. Her companions hurried after her. The boy ran with open hand, and begged for alms. A small coin was thrown to him. The boy picked it up from the ground, and looked at its value.

Mr. Marble, though otherwise not curious, however, was so at that time; for the boy's open countenance, his friendly manner, and his courage, had pleased him. He had also his hand in his pocket for the purpose of rewarding him for his daring feat.

"How much did they give thee?" he asked. The boy showed him the money in his open hand, that was soiled by the bark of the fir, and wounded by its branches.

"Five pence!" exclaimed Marble. "My poor boy!"

He took out a handful of small coin, and filled both the hands of the boy, who, quite astonished at his wealth, now looked in amazement at the money, then at his benefactor, and at last asked—"Is this all for me?"

"All; and what wilt thou do with it?"

"I do not know. I will buy new clothes. I now can live like a gentleman."

"Hast thou a father?"

"No, sir. My father was a soldier, and was killed two years ago in battle. My mother, also, is dead; and now they will not permit me to stay no longer in the village."

"Give me the money back again, boy!" said Marble.

The boy returned the money with a sad countenance, and a few tears obscured the brilliancy of his large black eyes.

"Give me also the five pence," continued Marble.

"No, they are mine," retorted the lad.

"Thou shalt no longer stand in need of money. It is not good for thee. I will take thee with me to my house. Thou shalt become my son, if thou wilt behave well. Wilt thou do it?" asked Marble.

"Yes, sir, if you are serious," answered the boy.

"Hast thou any more money?" inquired Marble.

The boy had a few more pence and a large piece of bread in his pocket. Mr. Marble took it away from him, and told him to accompany him.

CHAPTER III.

Education.

The little Conrad Eck received in place of his ragged and filthy clothing, a plain garment, made of coarse cloth. He had been in the habit of passing his nights in stables and in the open air. The wealthy Mr. Marble gave him a straw sack to sleep upon, and the plainest food to eat. The boy felt as happy as though he were in a palace. He was active, obliging, always friendly, assiduous, devoted, and evinced much natural sense, but he was ignorant of every thing except the experience and business of a beggar. After six months, the young cub had been so far licked, that he could be shown to the world, and be sent on errands. He had accustomed himself, although with great exertion, to order and cleanliness.—Every one in the whole house loved him on account of his good disposition. Mr. Marble called him his son, and, having resolved to make something of him, sent him to school. Conrad was industrious. At first he had some difficulty in learning his lessons, but eventually he surmounted it. His highest reward was to know that his benefactor was pleased with his progress; and his severest punishment was Mr. Marble's disapprobation.

But I need not describe the education of the beggar-boy. This one thing only will I mention, since it depicts Mr. Marble's character. Conrad, after having lived a few years in Marble's house, was permitted to sit at his table. He was allowed to eat of all the dainties, but Mr. Marble preferred to see him contented without luxurious food. He might have slept in soft beds, but Mr. Marble was pleased when Conrad remained faithful to his straw sack. Conrad received every week one dollar pocket money; but he was not permitted to buy anything for himself, and had to use it for the benefit of others. He was, however, permitted to save some of it, that Conrad might not be in want when Mr. Marble had nothing more to give him.

"For thyself thou must want but little, and use

but little; but what thou hast, and what thou dost, must be for the benefit of others." This lesson his benefactor taught him on every occasion.—When Conrad was sixteen years old, Mr. Marble gave him four hundred dollars as a birth-day gift.

"Now, my dear Conrad, we will separate our household. There, take this money! Board and clothe thyself with it, pay thy teacher, procure for thyself what thou wishest. Thou canst live in my house but thou must pay me every three months, four dollars for room, bed and furniture. Make thine own arrangements!"

Conrad was astonished, but rejoiced at being the owner of so much money. He arranged his room. Every month rendered an account of his expenses. Mr. Marble looked after him closely and had him watched. Conrad lived as Mr. Marble had expected; penurious as a miser toward himself, but where he could be of any assistance, lavishing like a prince. At the end of the year, however, he had a hundred and twenty dollars left. Mr. Marble told him to lend them out on interest, and presented him another sum of four hundred dollars.

Thus matters proceeded until Conrad was twenty years of age. Mr. Marble then sent the young man to the university, and gave him a fresh supply of money. "Habituat thy body to nothing, my son," he said to him, "but never deny to it what is becoming and necessary. A good artist must have good instruments; without having these, he is an awkward workman. The body is the instrument, the artist is the immortal mind.—Furnish that. Our life is but a short span, it is the school. Cultivate thy mind and heart; we know not wherefore we must learn. This we may be made to understand in eternity, where our Father in Heaven gives us greater work to perform. For the three years thou passest at the university, I will settle upon thee a considerable sum of money. Thou wilt have use for it; for thou must and shalt go into society, in order to become acquainted with all kinds of people. If thou art weak and bad, thou wilt be conquered. If thou art strong-minded, thou wilt stand a benefactor above all. In three years after this time, prepare thyself to earn thine own bread. Then I shall give thee nothing more."

CHAPTER IV.

The Hole in the Sleeve.

"I am rich—what is generally called rich"—continued Mr. Marble. "The wealth itself does not make me happy. I need but little for myself. I could live on less than my servants. Of what avail, therefore, is money to me? But it makes me happy to know that I have accumulated all my wealth by mine own industry, and honest means. No blood, no tears are cleaving to it; but my sweat alone. The greatest joys the soul can have are these: active efficiency in small and great matters, and innocence. Every thing else includes more or less of stupidity or beastliness. For example—ambition, love for women, love of gain, love of rule, pride, envy, hatred, or religious rancor.—Remember this, Conrad. To work vigorously and innocently in great and small matters, is the pure, real spiritual life. Do not despise what is small, as if it were trifling. God has created nothing in vain. His grain of sand, and his worm, both are great."

"I have given thee a good education. Thou wert a wild but powerful plant. Now thou art twenty years old; an age at which the spiritual is at war with the animal in man. May the spirit-

ual gain the victory! Man at first is reared as a plant; then as an animal; and lastly as an angel. Many do not go beyond the well trained animal. But the animal should not be despised. Out of the impure dust the snow-white lily shoots forth. A trifling accident led me into the right path. I learned to sew and that made me a rich man.

"Thou mayest perhaps not wish to credit this—yet it is so. I was fourteen years of age, I could read, write, and cypher. Thus far I was trained. I was the son of a poor tradesman. My father knew not what to make of me; for he was always in want of money; and that had its reasons—which now are very clear to me.

"I had a play-fellow and a friend in my youth. His name was Alfred. We both were wild and ungovernable boys. Our garments were never new, for they were soon soiled and torn. We were punished at home for it, but no sooner was the punishment forgotten than it was the same thing again.

"One day we were sitting in a public garden on a bench, telling each other what we would make of ourselves. I wanted to become a lieutenant-general, and Alfred general superintendent.

"Both of you will never be anything!" said a very old man in a fine dress and powdered wig who was standing behind the bench, and had overheard our childish plans. We were frightened:—Alfred asked, 'why not?'—The old man said—'You are children of good parents, I see it by your coats. Both of you are born to be beggars, were it not so, would you suffer those holes in your sleeves?' Saying this he took both of us by the elbows, and thrust his fingers in the holes that were in our sleeves. I felt ashamed: Alfred also. 'If,' said the old man, 'nobody can sew it up for you at home, why do you not learn to do it yourselves? You might at first have repaired the coat with two stitches of the needle; now it is too late, and ye go about like beggarly boys. If you wish to become lieutenant general and general superintendent, begin with the smallest things. First, sew up the holes in your sleeves, ye beggar boys; then you may think of something else.'

"We both felt greatly ashamed, walked silently away, and had not the heart to say anything bad about the austere old man. I turned the elbow of my coat in such wise that the hole could not be seen by any body. I learned to sew of my mother, but merely in a playing manner, for I did not tell her why I wished to learn it. When a seam opened in my garments, or if they happened to become soiled, I repaired it forthwith. Thus I became attentive. I did not even suffer any uncleanness to be seen in my worst clothing; and as I became more clean and careful in my dress, I was glad, and thought that the old gentleman in the snow-white wig was not greatly in error. With two stitches at the proper time, we can save a coat; with a handful of mortar, a house; a glass full of water will quench a fire, which, if left alone, would lay a whole city in waste; red copper coin will become silver dollars; and little seeds will become trees, who knows how large?

"Alfred did not take it so much to heart and it proved to his own detriment. We had both been recommended to a merchant, who was in want of an apprentice well acquainted with writing and cyphering. The merchant examined us and gave me the preference. My old clothes were whole and clean: Alfred's best coat gave evidences of negligence. Afterwards my employer said to me:

"I see you take good care of your own, but Alfred will never be a merchant." Then again I remembered the old gentleman and the hole in the sleeve!

"I perceived very soon that I still had in many other things in my knowledge, in my behavior, in my inclinations, a goodly number of holes in the sleeve! Two stitches with the needle, at the proper time, meliorate all things; else the tailor is needed for the gown, the physician for health, and the punishing law for the moral holes. There is nothing that is indifferent or insignificant, be it good or bad. Who thinks so knows neither himself nor life. My employer had also a horrible hole in his sleeve, for he was obstinate, quarrelsome, despotic and capricious. This gave me oftentimes a great deal of annoyance. I contradicted; and then we quarrelled. 'Halloo!' I thought, 'this may make a hole in the sleeve, and I may become as quarrelsome, and inviduous, and unsociable as my employer.' From that hour I let him have his way, and I was contented with doing what was right, and endeavored for my part to keep the peace.

"After having served my apprenticeship, I took a clerkship in another mercantile house. Habituated to be happy even with the mere necessaries of life, for he who lives in abundance never is contented, I saved a considerable amount of money. Accustomed never to excuse in myself a hole in the sleeve, and to look with charity upon those in others' sleeves, the whole world was satisfied with me, and I with the world. Thus I always had friends, always assistance when I stood in need of it; confidence and employment. God blessed all my undertakings! A blessing lies in honest actions and honest thoughts, as in the kernel, the fruit bearing tree.

"Thus my wealth increased. Wherefore? I asked myself; you do not need the twentieth part of it. Live in an ostentatious style for other people to envy me?—That is nonsense. Shall I yet, in my old days, show a hole in the sleeve? Help others, as God, through others, has helped you. That is settled. The greatest blessing riches can bestow is this, to be independent of other people's caprices, and to have a wide circle to act in. Now, Conrad, go to the university, learn something substantial; remember the man in the snow-white wig; *beware of the first little hole in your sleeve*, and do not act like my companion Alfred. He at last enlisted in the army, and was shot in America."

CHAPTER V. The Travelling Journeyman.

Conrad went to Gottingen, studied law and *eame-rate*. He was very industrious, without depriving himself of the society of his fellow students, or denying himself needless enjoyments.—But he was saving, for he had a great project in view. He contemplated making a tour through Europe. Mr. Marble encouraged him, but declared he would not aid him with a penny.—Nevertheless, to make a tour through Europe cannot be done without money. Conrad soon resolved;—After he had received his diploma as *Doctor juris utriusque*, he bound himself apprentice to a cabinet-maker, and learned that trade: his skill in drawing, his taste, his chemical knowledge—all were of great advantage to him. In one year he had become so skilful a mechanic that he competed with the best journeymen, and even with his master. With twenty lous-d'ors he shortened his term of apprenticeship; and received his certificate as a journeyman cabinet-maker.

One evening when Mr. Marble had returned from his usual walk, and was leaning in the window, a travelling journeyman came with his knapsack on his back, saluted him, held his hat in his hand, and spoke not a word. Mr. Marble threw him a piece of money. The mechanic thanked him, put the donation in his pocket, and desired to speak with Mr. Marble alone. He was admitted.

The mechanic brought friendly remembrances from Conrad. Mr. Marble appeared as glad as a child. For nine months he had not heard from his adopted son, who was dearer to him than he supposed. But while Mr. Marble was looking at the face of the stranger, he suddenly took a few steps backward, and cried, with astonishment, "What! is it thyself, Conrad? Art thou playing a joke with me? Is that the appearance of a doctor?"

Conrad smiled, and said—"The doctor is here in my knapsack, when travelling, he is a journeyman cabinet-maker. With his trade he can find bread everywhere and may be permitted to live simply. Here is my doctor's diploma, and here are my indentures of apprenticeship. Now I am on my tour through foreign countries. I have come to see you, dear father, once more, and to take your blessing with me on my journey."

Mr. Marble was greatly affected, and his eyes moistened with tears. He fell on Conrad's neck, pressed him to his heart, and exclaimed—"Yes, thou art my son, and I will be thy father."

Mr. Marble detained him for four weeks. He then gave him his blessing, and permitted him to go on his journey. "Hast thou any money left?" he asked him at his departure. Conrad replied—"Twenty-five dollars is all I have been able to save."

"Money enough for a travelling journeyman!" said Marble, with a smile. "Here is one dollar more for thy journey, and now thou hast twenty-six! God be with thee! Write to me every three months, how thou art doing, what thou art learning, and what thou seest. *Beware of a hole in thy sleeve!* and thou wilt prosper."

CHAPTER VI. Tour Through Europe.

With twenty-six dollars Conrad commenced the tour of Europe; first through Germany, then across the Alps, towards Rome and Naples. He was anxious to see the crumbling ruins of the glorious ancient world. Thence he sailed for France.—He took employment at Lyons and Paris, to perfect himself in his trade, and crossed the channel to London, where he remained nearly a year. Then he spent some time in several of the principal cities of Holland, whence he sailed for Denmark, pursued his route by way of Stockholm to Petersburgh, and thence he started again for his home.

When he arrived in a city where something memorable was to be seen, or where it was advantageous to remain, if it was but for the purpose of recruiting his purse to defray travelling expenses, he engaged as a cabinet-maker. A few classics were his constant travelling companions. He earned some money, and then started off again. The masters would often have been very willing to keep him longer; for a more skilful journeyman they could not easily find; and at his literary science they were perfectly astonished. Many a beautiful master's daughter would joyfully have detained the wonderful stranger and have made him *master*! For Conrad was a fine youth; his black eyes were full of spirit, his manners were like those of a person

used to the higher walks of life; he held no intercourse with common people; and yet to persons of his station he was affable, pre-possessing and modest. Every body loved the singular man, who sewed up the hole in his sleeve!

However, once in Lyons, and once in London, an agreeable girl made his heart feel heavy; but he tore himself away, and never suffered his inclinations to grow into a passion; for that he would always call *a new hole in the sleeve!* He longed for his home, his native land, where he could pass his life near his second father, either as a cabinet-maker or as a lawyer.

After having wandered about for several years, he stood again before the house of father Marble. For three years he had not received a line from Mr. Marble. Nevertheless, he had written to his benefactor every three months. The question now was, whether the honest man was still alive?

Conrad became pale as death when he was saluted by strangers, who informed him that Mr. Marble had sold the house, and left the city for more than two years. He walked dejectedly from one street to the other. "Might not my father have had the kindness to give me at least some intimation about this change? Now he is gone, and I even know not whither!"

He went with his knapsack on his back to a house of entertainment, where he remained during the night. On the next day attired in his best, he visited the banker Smith, formerly Mr. Marble's most intimate friend, to see if he could there gather some intelligence with regard to his benefactor.

The old banker recognised him immediately, and received him with heartfelt joy.

"God be praised, doctor," he exclaimed, "that I see you once more. Our old friend is, as you are aware, gone to the East Indies. He has left with me two hundred lous-d'ors, which he desired me to give to you whenever you felt inclined to establish yourself somewhere in your vocation."

"Is he gone to the East Indies?" exclaimed Conrad, and the tears rolled over his cheeks.

"Do you not know, then, that he had a great deal of trouble in this town? The sovereign intended to knight him; but in accordance with his disposition, he sent the patent of nobility back to his highness; being of the opinion that every man had an inherent nobility, but that by a stranger hand, nobody could be made noble.—This gave the first rise to misinterpretations and annoyance, and at last to a kind of persecution. They called the good Mr. Marble a jacobin and suspected him of carrying on a correspondence with rebels, and of his having an intention to form a party among the people. One thing was added to another, until they troubled and annoyed the good old man beyond endurance. Now, you know very well what his disposition was, altogether too good and too credulous! He lost considerable sums of money; then he came to me one day and informed me of his having still a considerable capital in the East Indies, which he would draw by going there himself. The objections I raised were of no avail. He sold and gave away what he had, gave the sum he left to my care, and took his departure. It is nearly three years since."

Conrad stood as if benumbed. Had he only known where in the East Indies to find him, he would immediately have followed him there.

Mr. Smith would not listen to any objections. Conrad was compelled to make his house his home, until he had come to a conclusion as to what course in life he would pursue. Conrad had firmly made

up his mind to establish himself as a cabinet-maker. Mr. Smith dissuaded him from that purpose, and advised him to open a law-office, as then he could be of greater benefit to the world.

CHAPTER VII.

The Superintendent Magistrate.

A few weeks afterwards Mr. Smith entered Conrad's room with a face beaming with joy, holding in his hand a newspaper.

"Friend!" he exclaimed "you must follow me to Lord Wallenroth. He is in want of a manager on his estates. He is owner of a whole village. He needs a man like yourself. He is my especial friend. Here is an advertisement in the journal. Seven hundred dollars, free bond, light, and most probably many rich perquisites besides. What more do you want? Does it meet your approbation?"

Conrad shrugged his shoulders, "No objection,"

"Follow me, then doctor!" continued Mr. Smith. "Allow me to become the representative of father Marble. There is a situation for you!"

Conrad and Mr. Smith departed in a carriage to pay Lord Wallenroth the visit.

Lord Wallenroth, an elderly man, very courteous and good natured, said to Conrad—

"Although I have not the honor of your acquaintance, it is sufficient that my friend Mr. Smith has recommended you to me. You and none other shall have the situation. But I must yet acquaint you with various little matters. I must go to Paris on business of the court, and shall probably be absent for several years. Into your hands I place my estates, the superintendency of Alteck. You are not only to perform the duties of the magistrate, but you are also to represent my own person. My steward is subject to your command. I wish you to bring my neglected estates into some kind of order again;—and what I have most at heart, to humanize the peasantry, for they are wretched beings, rude, poor, and ignorant. The manor has only a year since come into my possession; and as yet I have not been able to pay much attention to it. Everything is in decay. I leave it to yourself to employ and send away whom you please. You must exercise all my rights. The revenue and accounts you will send every year to my friend, Mr. Smith, by him to be forwarded to me."

Conrad made excuses by saying he was too little acquainted with agricultural economy, but his modesty availed him nothing. Both the old gentlemen importuned him with kindness.—Lord Wallenroth thinking Conrad considered the amount offered for conducting so extensive a business too small, offered to raise the salary, and at last nearly doubled the sum of seven hundred dollars first mentioned. Conrad was amazed and glad at the same time. "But," he said "how have I deserved this unaccountable confidence?" Lord Wallenroth pointed towards Mr. Smith, and said—"the heart of this gentleman and mine are one."

The contract was properly made out in writing. Afterwards Lord Wallenroth put in a clause, to which he seemed to attach great weight.

"All," he said "are subject to your commands, with the exception of one person whom I greatly esteem, and to whose deceased husband I was bound by many obligations, although she scarcely knows me. She is the widow of a preacher by the name of Walter. She has her rooms, board and servants in my own house, for life. You will therefore live with her under the same roof. She is a most excellent woman. I hope and wish that you may keep in good harmony with her."

Conrad could not make any objections at all against that clause, and was only happy to find immediately a woman who would take the little cares of house-keeping off his hands.

In the same week Lord Wallenroth set out with Conrad for Alteck, installed him with all proper form in his office, and left him with Mrs. Walter.

CHAPTER VIII.

Company.

The manor-house, as it was called, was pleasantly situated, in the midst of gardens, upon a hill above the village, and was supplied with stables, barns and a large square court-yard. Order reigned everywhere, and much cleanliness in the manor house. Everything bore an inviting aspect. The best rooms had been fitted in a simple yet tasteful manner for the Bailiff-justice. Nothing was wanting. Even a small library and a piano were there. Mrs. Walter had put the house, garden and cellar in the most beautiful and the best order.

Mrs. Walter, a lively yet sombre woman of about forty-five, displayed much cultivation of mind and good manners. The paleness of her face, the silent, dignified expression of her eye, which only became serene when she was engaged in conversation, bespoke her having experienced many hours of sadness. No one felt himself a stranger in her presence. On the first day of their acquaintance, Conrad felt as tho' he had known her for years—for she showed him the surrounding country, made him acquainted with the domestics, and initiated him in every thing within her management.

"With that woman a person can live!" thought Conrad, after the lapse of a few days; for he had been timid when Lord Wallenroth spoke in so serious a manner respecting Mrs. Walter.

"A person can live with that woman"—he thought, after the lapse of a few weeks, when he had begun to feel at home in Alteck; for he revered Mrs. Walter, and she had become necessary to him. He was happy, when in the morning and evening the meals called him from his business, for except at those times they saw each other seldom. Then she and the steward, a good-tempered, but ceremonious man, were his company.

Conrad was so satisfied with his condition, that he wrote a letter to the banker, expressing his heartfelt gratitude. "Never, while I live," he wrote "do I desire a more agreeable lot. I am happy to be placed in a situation where I can do much good; and it shall be done, as soon as I am better acquainted with my sphere of action. Here the people have become as wild as the land, a great part of which must be cleared and cultivated. I hope to be able to win Lord Wallenroth's entire satisfaction."

Matters, however, were destined to undergo a change, and peace was not permitted to dwell long in Conrad's breast. Mrs. Walter had informed him of her having a daughter, whose return home from a visit to a neighboring town, she expected daily; and Conrad thought, "if the daughter is like the mother, she will not mar my comfort at Alteck."

He was returning one evening from the forest, where some surveyors had been employed by him. He met a carriage on the way that was occupied by two ladies. They seemed to have come from the manor, and were apparently returning to town. When he entered the dining-room, he saw a young lady of about seventeen, of a fine physiognomy. Conrad bowed very respectfully. The stranger blushed slightly, and returned the salutation. Mrs. Walter introduced him to her daughter Josephine.

Conrad forgot surveyors and forests, although he had to give the steward many directions regarding them; he even forgot to say something agreeable to the new inmate, while she addressed him with all female tact and sweetness. At table, where he formerly had been so talkative and open, he was reserved, and only spoke in monosyllables.

When Conrad was alone, the form of the new inmate appeared to him in every corner of the room. He shook his head and thought—"With that girl a person cannot live! Why was the clause silent about her?" And when he had thrown himself into his bed, and closed his eyes the vision would float before his imagination, a still lighter and still more beautiful being.

Next morning, his first thought was of Josephine, not of the surveyors. But how could it be otherwise, for he heard Josephine's voice accompanying the harp! He shook his head and thought—"a person cannot live with that girl?" He walked into the field without taking his breakfast.

CHAPTER IX.

The Preacher and his Congregation.

We become at last familiar with the most disgusting object, why should we not also get used to those which are beautiful? Conrad, however, could not be at ease with Josephine, even after they had lived in the same house for weeks. It was very singular that on no day did she appear as she had done on the preceding one, but seemed every day a different being. He was friendly and intimate with all in the house, and each person was so with him. But with Josephine, he could not be so. Notwithstanding her vivacity—and she was seldom sedate—she was always as great a stranger to him as she had been on the evening when he first saw her. He loved to converse with her: she was intelligent and easy in her manner, without being pedantic or affected. But when he spoke with her, it seemed as if an impenetrable gulf was fixed between them. She was familiar with every one whom she treated in the same friendly manner, and all loved her; but to him she paid no more attentions than common courtesy required.

"I shall have a tedious time of it here," thought Conrad; "I wish Alteck was behind Kamschatka and I had never come into it." But that Josephine might not have come to Alteck, he did not wish; and he would not have taken any gift as a compensation for her going away again.

Much as he feared *ennui*, he never experienced it. The manor, with all the estates, was surveyed; the agricultural economy, with all its defects, was taken into consideration; a new school-house was erected and a new teacher appointed. Willingly would Conrad also have changed the minister, but that he could not do; and yet he had at first counted greatly upon his exertions to improve the moral condition of the peasants. When the superintendent spoke to him about improving the school system, or about the brutality and ignorance of the people, he assented with a smile, and supported Conrad's opinion with many examples from experience.—But on the following Sunday he would thunder against sectarians, who would destroy religion with worldly improvements.

The peasants of Alteck bore a great similarity to their minister. Their religion consisted more in fear of the devil than in love to God; for they had from time immemorial been used to serve task-masters, and when one showed them too much leniency and kindness, they laughed at him. In their household and agricultural affairs they acted

like their forefathers, who as they said, had been no blockheads. Poverty reigned every where. Their houses were full of filth, and they lived with their lean cows and ragged children, on potatoes and water. Towards strangers they were uncouth and deceitful—towards their “parson” they were hypocritical—towards the inhabitants of the manor house they were as if crawling in the dust, and towards each other they were hateful, envious, backbiting, proud and rude—such was their manner of life!

[To be Continued.]

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

ROBESPIERRE.

BY THE LATE C. H. BARTLETT.

In the history of mankind there is no era more disgraceful or humiliating to human nature than the French Revolution. And pre-eminently distinguished for ferocity and all the fiendish passions of the times, was Maximilian Robespierre.

He was born of poor parents at Arras in 1759, and was educated at the expense of the bishop of the diocese. After studying at Paris he applied himself to the Law and at the meeting of the constituent Assembly obtained a seat, having previously distinguished himself more by the originality of his observations than by his eloquence.

Upon entering the bloody scenes of the Revolution his aim was the Dictatorship. And to attain this he counted no act too impious, no cruelty too sanguinary. He hastened the destruction of the unfortunate Louis, persecuted his innocent family, and then led Danton, Herbert and other guilty ministers of his atrocity to the guillotine. Suspicious, timid, and irresolute, the tyrant artfully interpreted the machinations formed against his power as treason against the Republic; by which his rivals were sacrificed as the most abandoned and perfidious citizens of France; nor were his friends spared, but urged on by some blind infatuation, the wretch dealt out death alike to them and his enemies.

If Robespierre had known to spare he might, in all probability, have remained much longer in the direction of the government of France. But the convention weary of and alarmed at his continual and indiscriminate slaughter with a suddenness characteristic of the times, impeached him; and when he attempted to ascend the tribune to defend himself, a cry of “Down with the Tyrant!” was raised, which was not hushed until the wretch slept the sleep of death with the victims of his atrocity. He was guillotined on the 28th of July, 1794, on the scaffold on which he had made to bleed so many thousands of his innocent fellow mortals.

Under his influence France forgot her honor and religion. He insulted her altars, he threw down her churches and abolished public worship. But after all this he impiously claimed the merit of restoring to the Supreme Being *some* share in the Government of the Universe! and he appeared in the name of the Convention, as the priest and founder of a new religion and decreed with the greatest solemnity that a God still existed! The mind seeks in vain to imagine a mockery more disgusting or a blasphemy more iniquitous. And such a man led great and glorious France in her efforts to obtain sweet liberty? Is it a wonder that she failed? Even supposing that her people had been educated and knew rightly to appreciate freedom—with so dark a spirit hovering over her destines

could a hope exist that she would attain the high altitude to which Washington led our American? No!—and in her effort she plunged over the awful precipice of despotism and her cries for liberty were drowned in an ocean of blood.

BIOGRAPHY.



JOSEPH ADDISON.

JOSEPH ADDISON, one of the ornaments of English literature, was the son of dean Addison, and was born at Milston in 1672. The Charter House, at which he became acquainted with Steele, and the Colleges of Queen's and Magdalen at Oxford, have the honour of his education. The first written proofs which he gave of his talents were Latin poems, of very superior elegance. Some English poems, a translation of the fourth Georgic, and a Discourse on the Georgics, sustained his reputation, and his praise of King William gained him the patronage of Lord Somers. In 1699, Somers obtained for him an annual pension of £300 to enable him to travel in Italy. In that country he remained nearly three years, when, his pension being lost by the death of King William, necessity drove him home. During his absence, he collected materials for a narrative of his tour, and wrote his Letter to Lord Halifax, his Dialogues on Medals, and four acts of Cato. On his return he published his Travels. It was not, however, till 1704 that fortune began to smile upon him. At the suggestion of Halifax, he was then employed to celebrate in verse the splendid victory of Blenheim; and, as soon as he had shown his patrons the simile of the angel, he was rewarded with the place of Commissioner of Appeals. In 1705, he attended Lord Halifax to Hanover; in 1706, he was appointed under secretary of state; and in 1709, he went over to Ireland as secretary to the lord lieutenant, the Marquis of Wharton, and also received the almost sinecure office of keeper of the records at Dublin, with a salary of £300 a year. During this period, he wrote the opera of Rosamond, and contributed a prologue and some scenes to Steele's Tender Husband. The Tatler was begun by Steele while Addison was in Ireland, and without the knowledge of the latter, who, however, soon detected his friend, and came forward to his aid. In 1711, in conjunction with Steele, he began the Spectator, which alone would immortalize his name. As an essayist, he subsequently contributed to the Guardian, the Lover, the Whig Examiner, the Freehold, and the Old Whig. In 1713, his Cato, to which Pope gave a prologue, was brought upon the stage, and the state of parties at that time, at least as much as its intrinsic merit, ensured its complete success. It did not, however, escape from the critics, among whom Dennis was conspicuous for his acuteness and bitterness. This tragedy, the comedy of the Drummer, and the opera of Rosamond, constitute the whole of Addison's dramatic efforts. He pro-

jected a tragedy on the death of Socrates, but went no further. In 1716, after a long courtship, he married the countess dowager of Warwick; a union which was productive of nothing but one daughter and infelicity. The lady was a woman vain of her rank, who had the folly to think that she had honoured a commoner of genius by giving him her hand; and the result was such as was naturally to be expected. Though Hymen frowned on him, his ambition was gratified in the following year by the post of secretary of state. But the toil, his own inaptitude for business, and his sufferings from asthma, soon compelled him to resign it, and he received a yearly pension of £1500. After his retirement, he completed his Treatise on the Christian Religion, and was engaged in a political contest with his old friend Steele whom he treated with a contemptuous asperity that cannot easily be defended. He died at Holland House, on the 17th of June, 1719. In his last moments, he sent for Lord Warwick, whom he was anxious to reclaim from irregular habits and erroneous opinions, and, pressing his hand, faintly said, “I have sent for you that you may see in what peace a Christian can die.” As a man, Addison was of blameless morals; as a statesman, he was ill calculated for office, for he had not the nerve, promptitude of action, and readiness of resource, which are more necessary in such a character than even the loftier intellectual powers; as a poet and dramatist, he cannot aspire to more than a place in the second class, and, perhaps, not a high place in that class; but as an essayist, he stands unrivalled for ethic instructiveness, skill in delineating life and manners, exquisite humour, fine imagination, and a dexterous, idiomatic flow of language, which amply justifies the eulogium of Johnson, that “whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison.”

MASCHILANX.

GOLDEN RULES.

Be Industrious.—Everybody knows that industry is a fundamental virtue in the man of business. But it is not every sort of business which tends to wealth. Many men work hard to do a great deal of business, and after all make less money than they would otherwise if they did less. Industry should be expended in seeing to all the details of business, in carefully finishing up each separate undertaking, and in the maintainance of such a system as will keep everything under control.

Be Economical.—This rule also is familiar to every body. Economy is a virtue to be practiced every hour in a great city. It is to be practiced in pence as much as in pounds. A shilling a day saved, amounts to an estate in the course of a life. Economy is especially important in the outset of life, until the foundations of an estate are laid.—Many men are poor all their days, because when their necessary expenses were light, they did not seize the opportunity to save a small capital, which would have changed their fortunes for the whole of their lives.

Stick to your own business.—Let speculators make their thousands in a year or a day; mind your own regular trade, never turning from it to the right hand or the left. If you are a merchant, a professional man, or a mechanic, never buy lots of stocks unless you have surplus money which you wish to invest. Your own business you understand

as well as other men; but other people's business you do not understand. Let your business be some one that is useful to the community. All such occupations possess the elements of profits in themselves, while mere speculation has no such element.

Never take great hazards.—Such hazards are seldom well balanced by the prospect of profit; and if they were, the habit of mind which is induced is unfavorable, and generally the result is bad. To keep what you have, should be the first rule; to get what you can, fairly, is the second.

Don't be in a hurry to get rich.—Gradual gains are the only natural gains, and they who are in a haste to get rich, break over sound rules, fall into temptation and distress of various sorts, and generally fail of their object. There is no use in getting rich suddenly. The man who keeps his business under his control, and saves something from year to year, is always rich. At any rate, he possesses the highest enjoyment which riches are able to afford.

Never do business for the sake of doing it, and being counted a great merchant.—There is often more money to be made by a small business than by a large one, and that business will in the end be most respectable, which is most successful. Do not get deeply in debt, but so manage as always, if possible, to keep your financial position easy, so that you can turn any way you please.

Do not love money extravagantly.—We speak here merely in reference to being rich. In morals, the inordinate love for money is one of the most degrading vices. But the extravagant desire of accumulation induces an eagerness, many times, which is imprudent, and so misses its object from too much haste to grasp it.

STEAMBOAT WIT.

A friend, who never made a joke in his life, but enjoys the article hugely when manufactured by others condescended to give us the following at second hand:

Traveling lately on the North River, he overheard two ladies in an adjacent state-room, who kept incessantly calling upon that indispensible Figaro, the "Steward." "Steward!" called one, in a smothered voice as if of intense suffering, "do come and open this window or I shall die!" The window was accordingly opened; but directly the other lady exclaimed "Steward! do come and shut this window or I shall die?" This, too, was obeyed, when the first order was repeated, followed by the other in the same terms—and this continued until things began to grow serious, and the poor Steward commenced turning very red and perspiring with vexation. At this moment a gentleman, who had been a quiet observer of the scene, cried out in a loud voice, "Steward, why don't you wait upon the ladies there? Shut the window till one of them is dead, then open it and finish the other!"—*N. Y. Mirror.*

DICIONARY.

We find the following new definitions of several words in our language, not to be found in Webster's Dictionary:

Philosophy—Experimental philosophy—asking a man to lend you money. Moral philosophy—refusing to do it.

Hard Times—Sitting on a cold grindstone and reading the President's Message.

Lore—A little word within itself, intimately connected with shovel and tongs.

Progress of time—A pedlar going through the land with wooden clocks.

Genteel Society—A place where the rake is honored and the moralist condemned.

Poetry—A bottle of ink sprinkled over a sheet of foolscap.

Rigid Justice—Juror on a murder case fast asleep.

Friend—One who takes your money and then cuts your acquaintance.

Patriot—A man who has neither property nor reputation to lose.

Honesty—Obsolete: a term formerly used in the case of a man who had paid for his newspapers and the coat on his back.

Independence—Owing fifty thousand dollars which you never intend to pay.

Lovely Woman—An article manufactured by milliners and dress makers:—

"Who wants but little here below,
And wants that little for a show."

A DAMPER ON WHITTLING.

A YOUNG Yankee had formed an attachment for a daughter of a rich old farmer, and after agreeing with his "bonnie lassie," went to the old fellow to ask consent, and during the ceremony, which was an awkward one for Jonathan, he whittled away at a stick. The old man watched the movements of the knife, at the same time continued to talk upon the prospects of his future son-in-law, as he supposed, until the stick was dwindled down to nought. He then spoke as follows: "You have fine property, you have steady habits, and are good enough looking, but you can't have my daughter! Had you made *something*, no matter what, of the stick you have whittled away, you could have had her. As it is you cannot. Your property will go as the stick did, little by little, until all is gone, and your family reduced to beggary. I have read your true character; you have my answer." Jonathan conveyed the unhappy news to his anxious fair one, who, after hearing the story, burst out "a crying," saying, "Why, you tarnal fool, you, why didn't you say you'd made a *litter* on't if nothing more? Git out! I'll marry the first feller that points his eye at me—I will so—boo-o-o."—*Portland Tribune.*

"SHON," said a Dutchman, "you may say vat you please 'pout bad neighbors; I had two vorst neighbors as never vas. Mine pigs and mine hens come home wid dere ears split, and toder day two of dem *come home missing*."

Rural Repository.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1845.

OUR STORY.

This number presents our readers with the first part of a Tale, translated from the German of Zschokke; it is a story Dr. Franklin would have perused with all the rapture of a book-worm, and pleasure of a philosopher; nor would have ceased reading until he had made an end of it; then unsatisfied would have desired more! It is pleasing to a man of plain common sense to read such a Tale as this, for it continually reminds us of what we are in this world of ours; what we should be; and what undeniably our prospects are in futurity; for our happiness should begin in this, and be perfected in a world to come; the story exemplifies the ancient and wise maxim of "Do unto others as you would even that others, should do unto you!" It shows very plainly that the true use of wealth is merely to help each other;—and that man individually considered

"Wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long!"

Marble employs his wealth in this way; and the young man Conrad, whom he brings up from childhood, is an exact illustration of what has been, and may be again done, by education. We believe it will be impossible for any one to rise from this Philosophic Romance either young or old, without being wiser and better—and well satisfied with this world: for if wisdom was ever taught, it is truly so, in this ingenious—we would not say *Fiction*, for divine truth shines through every part of it!

There is nothing in this life more innocent and exquisite than the love and affection of the amiable Josephine for Conrad. The surprise and denouement at the conclusion surpasses all we have hitherto seen in this way; and here Marble shows himself in the true character, man should ever display unto man—he is an exemplification of the faithful steward of the Bible. The imagery excels in many respects that of the Oriental Tales of the East, proving indeed that Germany is the land of romance and wisdom.

THE ANTI-RENT EXCITEMENT.

FOR want of room we are obliged merely to give our readers at a distance a general summary of what has been done, and concerning the present aspect of affairs. We noticed in our last No. the capture of Dr. Boughton, (big thunder,) &c.; in addition to this, Deputy Sheriff, Sedgwick, with a posse, has taken prisoner one Reynolds; said to be one of the head leaders among the Anti-renters, but who was not wounded as has been stated: also Walter Hutchins, named the "White Chief," has been captured by Sedgwick, and three or four more—who have given bail. Hutchins, for several days past had a body guard of Indians; and was rather a desperate character, stating he would not be taken alive; but quietly submitted when found by the Deputy Sheriff concealed in a garret! The arrest of these ring-leaders has put an end to the war in this county; and the Albany Burgess Corps have been withdrawn from our city. Every thing, at present assumes a peaceful appearance, which we hope will long continue, for surely nothing is more disadvantageous to the welfare of all, than these outrages. The Anti-renters have taken the "Sober second thought," and no doubt begin to think peace the best.

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

L. D. W. East Claremont, Vt. \$1.00; J. N. Big Stream Point, N. Y. \$1.00; J. L. Branan's Corners, N. Y. \$0.75; P. M. New Albion, N. Y. \$3.00; Mrs. D. A. W. Lake Ville, N. Y. \$1.00; S. A. Atten, N. Y. \$1.00; Mrs. S. F. R. Hempstead, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Cooperstown, N. Y. \$7.00; P. M. Van Buren Harbor, N. Y. \$1.00; T. S. H. South Wallingford, Vt. \$1.00; S. J. G. Schultzville, N. Y. \$1.00; J. J. G. Irving, N. Y. \$1.00; E. W. C. Bridgewater, Ct. \$1.00; A. L. H. Whitehall, N. Y. \$1.00; T. K. Fulton, N. Y. \$1.00; E. B. Greene, N. Y. \$1.00; A. B. Jr. East Virgil, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Waterbury, Vt. \$2.00.

BOUND
In Hymen's silken bands.

In this city, on the 8th inst., at the residence of John Gaul, Jr. Esq. by the Rev. Dr. Waterbury, Mr. Henry Redfield, of Troy, to Miss Sarah Augusta, daughter of the late Thomas Bay, Esq.

At Blooming-Grove, Rensselaer county, on the 7th inst., by the Rev. P. S. Wynkoop, the Rev. E. S. Porter, Pastor of the Ref. Dutch Church of Chatham, to Miss Eliza K. Wynkoop, of the former place.

By the Rev. J. D. Fonda, on the 26th ult. Leonard Rote, to Miss Elizabeth Ham.

At Brooklyn, by the Rev. D. Brodhead, December 24, Mr. David L. Gaul, to Miss Mary Ann Bartlett, all of that place.

In Germantown, Nov. 25th, by the Rev. J. Boyd, Mr. Walter Miller, of Clermont, to Miss Jane Gale, of Germantown.

In Claverack, on the 14th ult., by the Rev. H. Wheeler, Mr. Leonard Shufeld, to Miss Hannah Philips, both of Copake.

By the same, on the 26th ult. Mr. Anthony Poucher, Jr. to Mrs. Eliza A. Rossman, both of Taghkanic.

At New Orleans on the 23d ult. by the Rev. Mr. Scott, Mr. William L. Coffin of this city, to Miss Marion McNeil formerly of Dumfrieshire, Scotland.

LOOSESED
From the fetters of Earth.

In this city, on the 9th inst. Eliza Farron, in the 28th year of her age.

On the 13th inst. Mary Jane daughter of Henry and Betsey Coon, aged 3 months and 6 days.

On the 15th inst. Dr. David Mellen, aged 80 years.

In Hillsdale, on the 9th inst. Mr. Henry Judson, in the 43d year of his age.

In Canaan, on the 13th ult. of Consumption, Miss Lucretia, daughter of Benjamin and Lucretia A. Hall, in the 23d year of her age.

In Ghent, on the 2d inst. at the house of Simeon Van Denen, his brother-in-law, Clark W. Crandell, in the 41st year of his age, son of Stephen Crandell.

In Greenport, at the residence of Robert Macy, on the 3d inst. Mr. William A. Noyes, aged 27 years.

RURAL REPOSITORY.



Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.

WINTER.

THE forest boughs are bare,
Stripped of their foliage, all but the ev'green;
And none of Autumn's varied beauties are
Now in the woodlands seen.

And warblers of the grove,
Have sought some distant clime with Autumn's wane,
There amid bowers of sweets awhile to rove
Till Summer comes again.

The lofty hills around
Are capped with snow; and the broad, winding vale
Now cheerless lies; loud the woodlands resound
With Winter's mournful wail.

From the fierce storm the deer
Flees to his covert; and the famished fox
Lingers awhile the thrifty farm-yard near
Soon seeks the sheltering rocks.

Beneath the snowy pall,
Once smiling nature veils her face in gloom:
Emblem of that which sure awaits us all
When summoned to the tomb!

Though stern thy every frown
Dread Winter! and earth a drear desert seems,
Yet, Spring with fresh beauties anew shall crown
The woodlands, vales and streams.

Cassville, N. Y. 1843.

ARTHUR DE VERE.

For the Rural Repository.

KING PHILIP'S REFLECTIONS AT MOUNT HOPE.

BY MISS HENRIETTA GAY.

AND have I come to this;
Must my ambition end, my fond desires,
That nerved me on, to more than desperate courage
Disappear, as leaves before the Autumn gale;
I thought to have freed my hunting grounds,
From that detested race: but those vipers,
That I have nourished with more than a woman's fondness
Have overpowered me.

'Tis past then why repine;
The full meridian point of all my glory,
I have grasped it, but not attained,
And like you brilliant orb, that scarce the strong
Armed Eagle can esp'y, in its meridian height,
But as it calmly sinks to rest behind the western hills,
Its brightness disappears.

Even so; has my glory vanished,
And I stand upon the brink of a fearful precipice,
The dark abyss of oblivion, is within my view,
I shall soon sink within its bosom,
And no man, will point out the resting place,
Of Philip;
And will my memory be erased from earth?
Will this frail body moulder into dust and be remembered not?
Ah! no, it will not be, eve after eve
Will pale brows gather round the knee their little ones
And with contracted brows and faltering voice
Rehears the fearful past; in sad tone tell of
My knife besmeared with the warm blood from hearts
As young and innocent as theirs.
And locks of flaxen hair, that I so roughly tore
From heads like theirs, and they'll unfold the past,
Till the blood runs cold in each little vein,
And with tearful eyes they'll cling still closer to their sire's side:
Call it not extortion; though with desperate courage
I have sought to save thee, Oh! my bleeding country
From a ruthless power, but its availed me naught:

Hu! what is this; a tear, a tear!
But once before, and in the presence of my,
Dauntless warriors hath these bring
Messengers bedewed my eagle eye:
But my little children,
Carried into captivity,
Ah! the stoutest heart would yield,
And become weak as women's,

If they, had stood amid the burning flames,
And their fierce tormentors heaped,
The blazing faggots round their little forms,
A proud and exulting smile of triumph,
Would have illumined each noble feature:
But now captives; slaves to those whom
Their forefathers rescued in the wilderness,
When they fainted by the way and were helpless as children,
My forefather have returned to the
Great Spirit, with a broken heart,
And shall I not strive to revenge their deaths,
And restore peace and tranquility once more
On our broad hunting grounds;
Ah! I will not bow to that detested race,
Till my hatchet refuses to do my bidding,
And this brawny hand is cold in death;
My brethren fall around me as withered leaves;
Their warm life blood bedews my moccasins,
And their convulsed lips, bare forth the words,
Revenge! revenge!

But how can I comply:
For I too am on the brink; my strength fails,
But, I fall in a glorious cause:
The sun will still give his light by day,
And the silvery moon by night,
When a ery shall be heard upon this land,
Show me the aborigines;
Like a meteor have appeared for a season,
And then vanished, as morning mist,
There is scarcely an object that remains,
To tell of the once numberless tribe,
Their cone roofed cabins have been swept away,
The graves have disappeared: and the ploughshare
Has scattered their ashes;
And as the sun sinks to rest behind the western horizon,
Its diverging rays disappear, so have they vanished,
And no man, can point out the mounds of the red men.

Stockport, N. Y. 1843.

For the Rural Repository.

REFLECTIONS.

BY CLARK W. DRYAN.

How swiftly runs the glass of Time,
A day— week—a month flies on,
And we scarce note Time's rapid flight,
Till full a year is past and gone.
And as the sands of Time glide on,
Death's arrows thickly round us fly
And o'er the grave we're often called
To drop a tear, and heave a sigh.
We're called to part with those we loved,
With those our inmost hearts did cherish,
And place them in the lonely tomb
And leave them to decay and perish.
And perish silent still and cold,
No earthly joys for which to crave,
But moulder back again to dust,
Within the cold and gloomy grave.
The gloomy grave! it has no gloom
To those who have a hope of Heaven,
Who have the precious promises
Which are from the Almighty given.
Of life eternal—life divine,
Of life beyond the unfading skies,
Where pain and sorrow never comes,
Where joy unceasing never dies.
Where angels strike there tuneful harps
And sing in rapturous song together,
Where friends shall re-united be
To dwell in love and bliss forever.
But, ah! to those who leave this world
And make their exit to the tomb
Without a gleam of future hope,
The grave is thickly spread with gloom.
How sad the thoughts that at life's close
Of happiness to have us hope,
But doomed with demons foul and grim
The future life fore'er to grope.
Contrast them then. Who would not choose
The Christian's life, and Christian's way,
And when the storms of life are o'er
To dwell fore'er in endless day.

Catskill, N. Y. 1843.

For the Rural Repository.

MUSINGS.

Oh! for a coral cave,
Within the ocean deep;
A rest beneath its wave,
Where I might quiet sleep.
Where mermaids make their home,
And live in joyous peace;
Where quarrels never come,
And pains forever cease.
Yes, where they gather round
To chant their evening hymn;
That place is hallowed ground,
O let me enter in.

Then let the ocean roar,
The winds their rage pursue,
Let billows lash the shore,
And storms their strength renew—

Let turmoils of the earth,
And angry hate engage;
And all that gave them birth,
In fury vent their rage.

I'll heed not storms, nor winds,
Nor anger from the breast,
I'll dwell with happy minds,
And there in quiet rest.

CORNELIUS.

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